

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Vol. 52

No.

9

FEBRUARY, 1920

Price

10

Cents



"THE CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR BOSTON WORK-HORSES (See page 135)

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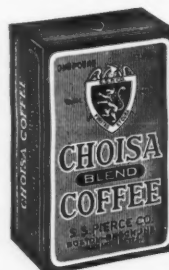
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# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered  
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the Plimpton Press, Lenox St., Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 9

THE famous horses of St. Mark's, now that the war is over, are back again in their old places. How fortunate that the almost prohibitive price of hay and grain in Venice has meant nothing to them! Beautiful as they are they have been rather unstable.

THE following is one of the inducements offered by the U. S. Navy to the young men of the country to join it: "Learn to 'parley-voo' in gay Paree. See the bull-fights in Panama." With such high-minded appeals to their manhood it is strange the lists are not filled at once!

HUNTERS in Massachusetts are alarmed lest all the fur-bearing animals of the state become exterminated. The extravagant demand for furs has baited thousands of steel traps, as cruel devices as were ever invented. After all it is the one who wears the fur who sets the trap.

THE assertion is made on good authority that 300,000 American Indians want to become citizens. Whether they are fitted for it or not, 30,000 of their children are without school facilities. During the war these people gave \$20,000,000 for Liberty Bonds, and 10,000 volunteered for the army.

POPE BENEDICT XV must be a lover of animals since he has recently, through Cardinal Gasparri, made a contribution to the Roman Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of two hundred dollars, expressing the hope that this gift might encourage others throughout the world to help on all such beneficent work.

IF, as Herbert Spencer says, the emotions are the masters and the intellect the servant, one may well wonder how many of the millions now being sought by our colleges will be devoted to the education of the masters and how many to the servant. It was not a college professor, but still a wise man, who said, "Out of the heart are the issues of life."

THE United States continues its shameful record of lynchings, burnings at the stake, breakings into prisons to seize those awaiting trial, that they may be murdered in cold blood. Nearly all these unhappy victims are Negroes, but American citizens as truly as the proudest U. S. senator whose peace of mind only an occasional murder in Mexico can disturb.

## CHARLES LAMB'S BROTHER AND ANIMALS

IN the "Essays of Elia," Charles Lamb, in "My Recollections," gives us a picture of his brother John under the name of Cousin James Elia. However disparagingly Lamb's literary friends may have spoken of this brother, his interest in animals, at that date, say 1810, makes him worthy a place in the history of the humane movement. In a day when no societies existed for the prevention of cruelty to animals, when the man who dared champion their cause was generally ridiculed as a sentimentalist and doomed to die soon or late from softening of the brain—his heart already having reached that fatal state—Charles writes this of him: "He is affected by the sight, or the bare supposition of a creature in pain, to a degree I have never witnessed outside of womankind. The animal tribe in particular he taketh under his especial protection. A broken-winded or spur-galled horse is sure to find an advocate in him. An over-loaded ass is his client forever. He is the apostle to the brute kind, the never failing friend of those who have none to care for them. With the intense feeling of Thomas Clarkson, he wanted only the steadiness of pursuit, and unity of purpose, of that 'true yoke-fellow with time' to have effected as much for the animal as he hath done for the Negro creation."

John Lamb even wrote a pamphlet entitled "A Letter to the Right Honorable William Windham, on His Opposition to Lord Erskine's Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." This Mr. Windham, ex-Secretary of War, opposed the bill in language that from time immemorial has characterized the high and mighty who scorn to stoop so low as to interest themselves in animals. He maintained that "law-makers had more pressing matters to deal with, and that such abuses righted themselves." John Lamb, however, in his pamphlet went for the ex-Secretary and all his ilk in words that were by no means lamblike. The only extant copy, apparently, of this pamphlet is said to be in this country. Those who speak with reverence of Lord Erskine who introduced his bill, the first in the history of the British Parliament, in 1810, and of Richard Martin who finally secured the passage of a similar one in 1821, may well mention with these two pioneers of a century ago the name of John Lamb, the brother of that rare and gifted soul whom so many know and love as Elia.

"Blessed are the merciful."

## "IS THY SERVANT A DOG?"

THAT wonderful dog who went ashore with a life line from a sinking ship off the Newfoundland coast December 15, and thereby saved 92 lives, would make the ancient Israelite who used this expression ashamed of himself, if they happened to meet. This hero of the shipwreck, when no boat could be launched into the breaking sea and the life-savers' line failed to reach to the boat, tackled the hard job, and did it. Would any of those 92, at last safe ashore, have allowed anyone to use that dog's name and nature as a term of reproach? Perhaps Michelet was right when he said, "The dog is a candidate for humanity."

## HUNTING HORSES

IT seems strange to read in the *Spokesman-Review*, Spokane, that there are thousands of wild horses in the Skull Valley, near the Utah-Nevada line, that have become a positive danger, and, apparently, must be dealt with like other predatory wild animals. The reports say they draw away domesticated stock, demolish fences and do serious damage to property. To corral them is almost an impossibility. Besides, when cornered, they are desperate fighters whom the most daring ranchers hesitate to face. Men are hunting them with rifles as they have hunted tigers in other lands. How far all this is true we have no means of knowing. If to catch and ship and market a herd of these wild creatures, foraging on the farms, would be more expensive than to shoot them, that may be a reason for the practice rather than their fierceness as fighters.

OF more than 100,000,000 food animals annually slaughtered in this country only 70 per cent have Federal inspection. More than 30,000,000 have either no inspection, or a state and local inspection which, in the majority of cases, amounts to little. Some day we shall have the public abattoir, and all food animals will be subjected both before and at the time of slaughter to vigorous inspection.

AT a London prize fight—called a Boxing Match—in which it took "just four punches delivered in 60 seconds" for the champion to knock out his opponent, we are told, "peers and peeresses, members of the House of Commons, and high officials of state looked the fighters over critically as they squared up." This is rather comforting. We are not so much more uncivilized on this side the water as we had thought.



## THE JACK LONDON CLUB NOW NUMBERS 88,277

INCREASE SINCE LAST ISSUE, 7,877. A LETTER FROM NEW ORLEANS



COWED VICTIMS OF REVOLVER, IRON BAR AND WHIP

Courtesy of National Humane Review

**A** NEW edition of "Michael Brother of Jerry," the book which gave us the idea of the Jack London Club, has recently been published, and we are pleased to announce that we can now supply copies, in good binding, for only ninety cents, *postpaid*, to any address. A copy of the "Foreword" will be sent free to any asking for it.

If you never happened to see this magazine before, probably you are wondering what the Jack London Club is. It's a society with no officers and no dues. It was started, primarily, because of Jack London's disclosures of the cruelties behind the trick animal performances in our theaters and other places. He was no sentimentalist. He never cried "wolf" when there was no "wolf" or asked you to weep when there was no cause for tears. But he says that in the trained animal performance cruelty has blossomed into its perfect flower.

To join this Club all you have to do is to agree to do the one thing that London says will finally banish these performances from the stage, *viz.*: get up and go out of the theater during that part of the program. Will you do it? If so, please send us your name.

#### READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Thirty-four copies of the book have already been given as prizes; several of these to schools.

Note: Though membership in this Club costs nothing, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has spent hundreds of dollars in carrying on the movement against trained-animal performances. We doubt

if six people have ever contributed toward the expense. Any gifts, however small, will be acceptable.

#### The Christy Shows

The secretary of the Louisiana State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, headquarters New Orleans, sends us this letter from the Christy Shows (Member Showmen's League of America), Galveston, Texas, dated December 5, 1919:—

Dog Pound Keeper,  
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sir:—

We desire to purchase about twenty fox terriers and about twenty white Spitz, as well as several greyhounds and collies.

We want these dogs for training purposes and don't want them younger than a year or older than four years; can you supply us with any of these dogs? If so, advise us the cost of same and we will send a man to get them or you can ship them to us. If you do not have them on hand now, perhaps you will get them within the next thirty days.

Kindly advise us to our permanent address, and oblige

Very truly yours,

G. W. CHRISTY,  
Galveston, Texas

P. O. Box 356

This Is the Answer

December 8, 1919.

Mr. G. W. Christy,  
Galveston, Texas.  
(P. O. Box 356)

Dear Sir:—

This Society has charge of the dog pound in this city and in answer to yours of the 5th instant, addressed to the Dog Pound Keeper, we

beg to say that we cannot furnish dogs for the purpose named.

Yours very truly,

J. G. MIDDLETON,  
Assistant Secretary

From this correspondence one easily gathers what the source of supply for many of these poor animals is. Where dog pounds are not under the direction of humane societies they evidently become a means of considerable revenue. If a member of the Jack London Club lives in a city where the dog pound is under some city official rather than the local humane society, we trust he will make inquiries as to the disposal of the dogs collected.

#### A Fine Thing for a Club Member to Do

A Boston attorney who, we imagine, prefers to remain anonymous, writes us:—

"There was another trained dog act at Scollay Square Olympia this week in spite of my protest of a few weeks ago.

"The manager gets another letter from me, and I have written to Mayor Peters to try and stop them.

"I wrote the Scollay Square man that I had written the Mayor. They may stir up a bigger tempest than they think."

This same gentleman wrote to Keith's, the largest vaudeville place in Boston, and congratulated them upon the fact that they seldom put on an animal performance. This was a good idea, but at the moment Keith's is advertising one as an attraction.

We urge all members of the Club to ask always before buying their tickets if anything of the sort is on the program, and if there is, to refuse to take the ticket, and tell the reason why. From the study of the advertisements of

these places it seems to us as if there were far less animal acts staged in Boston than formerly. If all members of the Club would take half the trouble over the matter taken by the attorney whose letter we have quoted, the wretched business would soon grow too unpopular to return any profit.

#### From the Bahama Islands

A letter from one of the Bahamas tells of hearing of the Jack London Club, and the purpose to extend its work by securing as soon as possible 100 members. So the fame of the Club keeps widening. The mustard seed is fast becoming a tree within whose branches and beneath whose shelter many a bird and beast will find refuge.

#### In Los Angeles

Not long ago in Los Angeles four men and one woman, the operators of a concession at one of the amusement parks, were arrested by the Los Angeles S. P. C. A. for abusing a lion. The case shows the extremes to which some people will go and the outrages they will commit in an effort to attract the dollars of the public. A poor, emaciated old animal, described by the superintendent of the Society as "a mild, kind, gentle and trusting lion, who wanted baby food and would have liked to purr," was the victim from which five heartless human brutes sought to obtain a living.

A part of the evidence exhibited in court was three loaded revolvers, two whips, a long club and a two-pronged fork, all of which were instruments used to torture the poor old fellow in an effort to make him wild. It developed at the trial that, in order to make the wretched creature more harmless, his teeth and claws had been removed. Having satisfied themselves that by no possibility could the cowed creature be goaded to the point of doing them injury, these individuals, whose depravity words cannot describe, entered the cage armed with the fork, club and other weapons and held what they termed a "fight for life," prodding the poor beast around and around in an effort to make him appear ferocious and dangerous.

A fine of fifty dollars was imposed on each.

— *Animals' Guardian*

#### OH, PRICELESS FURS!

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

OH, priceless furs My Lady wears  
To fend from her all chilling airs,  
Or make her beauty shine aright!  
In sooth, she is a lovely sight —  
Behold her, coming down the stairs:

Her cloak, a wondrous garment, flares  
Back from the shimmering gown that bares  
Her breast. That cloak? 'Tis her delight —  
Oh, priceless furs!

"It took a hundred skins!" declares  
My Lady, as she gaily fares  
To scenes with mirth and music bright.  
A hundred deaths in anguished night,  
A hundred sobbing, wild despair —  
Oh, priceless furs!

A SET of our American Humane Education Society lantern slides, loaned to the Extension Division of the University of Oregon, have been shown twenty-one times in the schools of Oregon, before a total of 2,055 pupils. Similar sets have been used recently in the schools of Waltham, Mass., and in those of Regina, Saskatchewan.

COPY OF JACK LONDON CLUB POSTER, 22 × 32 INCHES

## THE LIVES OF Performing Animals ARE PROLONGED SUFFERING

PROTEST AGAINST  
THIS CRUELTY  
BY LEAVING  
YOUR SEAT  
WHEN PRESENT  
WHERE ANIMALS  
ARE PERFORMING



JOIN THE  
JACK LONDON CLUB  
WHICH SEEKS  
TO ABOLISH  
THIS EVIL—NO DUES  
PRESENT  
MEMBERSHIP,  
100,000



FOR INFORMATION, ADDRESS

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS  
180 LONGWOOD AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

#### MEDICAL INSTRUCTION BY FILM

THE cinema film and lantern slide have been used with great advantage in operative surgery. An eminent medical authority comes forward with the proof that clinical operations can be best demonstrated to the student by the aid of the motion-picture and photograph. Far better results have been obtained through this modern method than by the constant repetition of actual operations with the knife. Why then, we may ask, can not "animal experimentation" be conducted in the same manner? What further pretext can be advanced by any honest and reputable medical instructor to justify or necessitate the infliction of pain, terror or torment to animal life?

#### A MOVING PICTURE

IN a double sense this clipping that follows may be called a moving picture:—

Malone, N. Y. A black bear, trapped on an estate near Saranac Lake, carried a 12-foot beech log and an 80-pound trap a mile. The animal weighed 500 pounds and was eight feet in length.

#### THE JACK LONDON CLUB POSTER

THESE posters we hope will have a wide circulation. In many places it will be possible to have them hung where large numbers of people will see them. If you are interested in this effort to end the cruelties connected with the trained animal act send for one or more and see that they are placed where they will do the most good. Price, 15 cents each in a strong mailing tube, or 2 for a quarter, 5 for half a dollar.

#### A NEW VACCINE

A FRIEND writes: "Here's an idea. Have 'Be Kind to Animals' put up in the form of a vaccine, and then have all children vaccinated several times a day from infancy till they become of age." The American Humane Education Society has been sending out this very thing for years to innumerable parents and teachers. If re-vaccination has taken place even once a week we have felt it would render the child immune from that fatal malady which attacks the heart itself and leaves such disfiguring marks upon its victim.

## THE DOG'S LAMENT

IT'S very hard to suffer and be still.  
 Our name's applied to every human ill.  
 A "doggerel" is a rhyme that's very bad,  
 Indeed, the very worst that's to be had.  
 A book is "dog-eared" when it's been abused.  
 Alas! I think we're very hardly used.  
 A man's a "dog" because he won't behave.  
 (It almost makes an honest doggie rare!)  
 A "puppy" is a fellow most uncouth —  
 A slur upon the flower of our youth;  
 A "hound," a villain of the deepest dye,  
 An insult to his dogdom's majesty;  
 A "cur" of course, is not a shining light,  
 Yet even he is called to bear the slight.  
 To "dog one's footsteps" is, I really think,  
 A dreadful thing, from which we dogs would shrink.  
 A "dogma" is a hard religious school,  
 A "dogged" person always plays the fool.  
 And "dog-days" find us panting with the heat;  
 We scarce can blink our eyes or lift our feet.  
 Why — why — throw mud upon our noble name?  
 A dog's a dog through all the world the same.

— London Answers

## THE LOVE OF A DOG

WALLACE H. MILLER

**K**ENO was just a bunch of curly-haired animation, fidelity, unflinching devotion. His snapping bright eyes beamed delight and his abbreviated tail wagged a warm welcome when his friends entered the circle of his vision. He was a cocker Spaniel and a gentleman in dogskin. I do not believe that in all his life of some fifteen years he did a single mean thing. He was dependable and true, faithful and unwaveringly loyal from his roughish tongue to the tip of his vibrant tail. His predominating trait was constancy. He gave affection in unmeasured quantity and received it in return.

Those who attended the Fall Mountain Sunday-school some years ago will recall what a regular attendant "Keno" was. He went early and watched for his friends and acquaintances to come. If any were missing he seemed to know it and wanted to learn the reason for the absence. During service he usually took his place in a chair, clearly considering himself a member of a class, and he appeared to be intent on the lesson.

One by one those whom he loved passed out from his sight and caress and now he, too, sleeps under the tree where he was wont to play.

The life of a good dog is an impressive thing. It has a meaning and a significance we are prone to miss. The poet says:—

*The night has a thousand eyes,  
 And the day but one;  
 Yet the light of the bright world dies  
 With the dying sun.*

*The mind has a thousand eyes,  
 And the heart but one;  
 Yet the light of a whole life dies  
 When love is done.*

It is love, after all, that makes life endurable, worth while, beautiful. The love of a dog and its reciprocation is not a trivial, idle thing. To us the meaning of such a life is this: Love and its comrade, consideration, are the transcendent qualities of existence, but unhappily they are far too restrained and narrowed in conception and practice in a world that needs them much. In fairness they must be extended to the realms of animal life. The true, normal man, woman and child must realize that kindness, mercy, tenderness toward all useful living

things, are as much a duty as justice and fairness toward those of our own realm, which is after all one of the smallest when considered from the standpoint of created things, forms of life that we dare not dismiss with the thought they are given life without reason. Their creator had a design and purpose, and while it is inscrutable to us we can at least recognize it and give it due respect by according the consideration that we in turn hope for from a higher intelligence than our own.

This, then, is the way in which I interpret the lesson of the life of "Keno" and the message he barks across the gulf to me: "Honor my memory by deeds of mercy, kindness and thoughtfulness to all useful created life."

## GREATER LOVE HATH NONE

**A** SAN FRANCISCO dispatch, Dec. 12, tells of an Airedale mother whose four pups lying in a basket were overturned by a swell which struck the scow that was home to them. The mother jumped overboard and, one by one, brought her offspring to safety, but before she could reach the last pup it had drowned. She was found on deck, holding her dead puppy while the living ones scrambled around her. Medical aid was summoned, but it was too late to resuscitate the heroic mother. The three orphans were adopted by an Irish setter on the scow, who was already nursing six pups of her own.

## MY FAITHFUL DOG

J. ALFRED TAYLOR

**M**Y faithful collie dog is dead and never more her yellow head will rest upon my knee. No more she'll run with tail a-wag to cheer me as I homeward lag at close of toilsome day. The soft, brown eyes that gazed at me have closed in sleep — the debt we all must pay. My faithful collie dog ne'er lied nor sought to do one ill; she helped the children in their play — but now her voice is still. No more she'll chase the rolling ball or grab the swinging stick, no more she'll jump from child to child with action sure and quick. . . . And you, who never knew my dog, may think these lines ill-penned. I am sincere — I drop a tear — I mourn a faithful friend.

## WHY WE PREFER DOGS

**F**RIDAY we felt sorry for all animals out in the sleet and snow and rain. A cat came along and we invited her in to get warm and have a cozy time before the fire. After she had got warm she went in the back office to look things over, and in her exploit she pried a whole galley of the mailing list, giving the compositor and the rest of us trouble enough to last a week. Not that Tabby cared the least bit.

Dogs are different. If old Jack, the *Advocate* mascot, had caused us so much unrest he would have sensed something wrong and shown us plainly enough that he was sorry. Good old Jack! he has been with us for years, most of the time here under the table where we write. He understands our moods and sometimes we think he reads our thoughts. His sense of protection is ever present. We sometimes wonder about it, and hope, when Jack has lived out his life, that the "something" which gives him his devotion, his kindness and his high sense of guardianship, will find its reward in a higher realm, where dogs are not just plain ordinary dogs. — Woodson County (Kansas) *Advocate*



CAPTAIN EDMOND

ELEANOR FAIRCHILD PEASE

## COMPANY "TENSUN!"

**C** Oh no, it must be this way when Captain Edmond says it, "Bow wow! Bow wow!" for after all in spite of the "Captain," the two silver bars on his collar, the three service stripes, the wound stripe and the two campaign badges he wears, he is just a plain little black dog.

He was born at Fort Niagara on May 8, 1912, so you see he has always lived in the army. He was just a plain private then. From Fort Niagara he went to Fort Leavenworth, then to Fort McKenzie, back to Fort Leavenworth and then the trouble with the Mexicans broke out and Edmond went right into action with his master, Col. Conger, on the Mexican border. For six months Edmond helped Uncle Sam patrol the Mexican border.

August 12, 1917, saw Edmond in France with his master who was a member of the Intelligence Section and on Gen. Pershing's staff. During the Argonne drive Edmond was in the trenches and was gassed. How the men loved him! Gentle and friendly, he served with true doggyish faithfulness, cheering the men with his endless good nature, inspiring them with his loyalty. But though always patient with his friends, Edmond, to the wonder of all, showed a deep dislike for the German foes and when brought into contact with a German with no warning would change from a placid little canine into a pugnacious whirlwind, ready to fly at the man he considered an enemy. This was something that he was not taught and that seemed to be instinct.

One day the men said, "Why not make Edmond a captain?" So the little black dog was commissioned a captain in Uncle Sam's army and the bars were attached to his collar. Then of course he must have his wound stripe for being gassed, his Mexican campaign badge; and, when at the end of twenty-three months of overseas service he returned with his master aboard the transport "Mount Vernon," he had earned in addition his three service stripes and his Victory badge.

Captain Edmond is now retired and lives in Washington where his most arduous duties consist of guarding the house while his master and mistress are away.



## THE CALL OF VALHALLA

THERE'S a champing in Valhalla,  
And a noise of sharp-shod feet,  
And a clanging through its gateways,  
And a steady, steady beat.

For the horses to Valhalla  
Are racing hundreds strong,  
And they're crowding, still they're crowding,  
Up its pathways green and long.

To the forests of Valhalla  
And its shady spreading trees,  
They are rushing from the schrapnel  
And the battle-blazed leas.

In the waters of Valhalla  
There is healing for their hurt,  
There is cooling for their fevered mouths,  
And rest for ears alert.

For from tranquil, fair Valhalla,  
They have died a noble death;  
For their countries and their riders,  
They have yielded up their breath.

O, ye heralds of Valhalla!  
Let your silver horns acclaim  
These undecorated heroes  
Who forego an earthly fame.

EUPHEMIA MACLEOD, in  
"My Rose and Other Poems"

## MAN'S INHUMANITY TO BEAST

I HAVE seen horses that were so weak and thin from years of toil and mistreatment that they could hardly raise one foot after another, hitched to a load and made to drag it through the streets, while a great big semblance of a man sat on the seat with a whip in his hand and kept striking them with it every few minutes to make them go faster. Nothing, I suppose, not even hot irons, could have caused them to go faster than a walk. The years had been too long and too cruel. They were too nearly dead. All they could do was to make a feeble lurch forward at each blow, and, after a few quickened steps, lapse again into their painful trudge. And their poor old backs and sides had become so deadened by blows that these parts no longer had nerves; and the driver, instead of whipping them in the ordinary way, struck them over the face and around their ankles and legs, where the flesh was still sensitive.

Talk of vivisection! It is monstrous! But it is not all carried on behind voiceless walls and in the name of science. It goes on, on all our streets, in broad daylight every day. And much of it, I am sorry to say, is to be laid at the feet of men who are themselves crying piteously for justice.

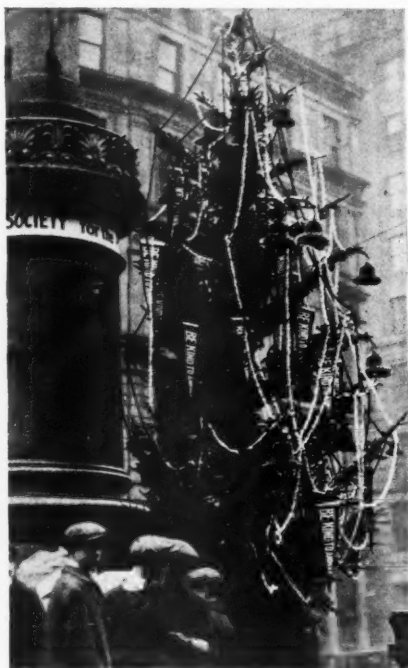
No wonder horses become downcast and apathetic! No wonder they become broken-hearted! No wonder their faces become drawn, and out of their eyes streams the solemnity that darkens the faces of the doomed!

Man treats those co-operating with him in the labor of life as mere means to his own selfish purposes. He feeds and shelters them for the same reason that the capitalist feeds and shelters the poor human things who serve him—simply to make them last as long as possible. There is no equity in the matter—no brotherhood—no thought of the Golden Rule. They are to him simply lemons—things to be squeezed, nothing more. And when he has extracted from them every benefit he is able to extract, he casts them out, as the money-hog does his worn-out workmen.

J. HOWARD MOORE

## Horses Have Christmas Treat

HAD the original "Be Kind to Animals" man been in Post Office Square, Boston, on the day before Christmas and watched the throngs that were irresistibly attracted by the Christmas tree, and the Yule-tide festivities held for the benefit of the horses, he could scarcely help feeling that his humane slogan had struck a popular chord in the hearts of Bostonians and that a considerable portion at least of the city's population was demonstrating in a practical way how that humane exhortation or injunction, whichever it may be taken, can be put in practice.



THE HORSES' CHRISTMAS TREE

It was the third time that the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had set up a Christmas tree and invited the horses to a substantial and satisfying Christmas dinner as a token of appreciation of the services performed by those four-footed knights of labor. The occasion in all respects was successful.

Officers and employees of the Society aided by eager volunteers made up rations consisting of oats, apples, carrots and corn, and from 11 o'clock until dark the sturdy equine workers upon whom the holiday season places an extra burden, enjoyed a good feed, received many a gentle caress and heard a kindly word from those who know them and love them.

The tree was the magnet that drew the crowds to this unique and popular celebration. Towering over thirty feet beside the shaft of the Angell fountain, decorated with bright garlands, Christmas bells and "Be Kind to Animals" banners producing color effects pleasing to the eye, it was viewed by thousands on distant sidewalks and from office windows about the square. It was also a mecca for the children who begged to be allowed the pleasure of holding out an apple or carrot for some hungry horse to munch or a tray from which it could eat. Came also the business man who must snatch a few moments from a pressing engagement to pay

his respects and voice his approval of a worthwhile undertaking, and many a busy woman shopper put off her errands and joined the ranks of those who were making the day happier for the horses.

Motion-picture men and staff photographers sensed the value of this humane celebration and caught scenes to interest others and show them how the Christmas spirit was extended to hundreds of Boston's work-horses.

Like that well-advertised and widely-sought patent nostrum, the Horses' Christmas Tree was "good for man and beast." Each shared richly in its benefits. It was humanely educational, calling forth those kindlier feelings and impulses that pervade human hearts strongest at Christmas time, and poetically and humanely speaking, "the art of being kind is all this sad world needs."

## FROM THE BOSTON PRESS

FOR it was Christmas for the horses, and a gaily decorated tree at the Angell Memorial shaft in Post Office Square told the horse world all about it, early in the day. Bright red bells and strings of gay tinsel attracted the eye—but round red apples, fragrant carrots and ears of delectable corn told a story of joys to come to the equine palate. —Record

IT'S a little touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." The Christmas tree of the Boston society is a lesson in human kindness that will live in the hearts of all who saw the good work. —Traveler

EVEN the horses had a Christmas tree. It was set up in Post Office Square by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was decorated to delight the equine eye and for hours, beginning toward noon yesterday, it dispensed apples, oats, corn and other delicacies. —Herald

AS for the horses, what they thought can be conjectured, but from the handsome, white laundry wagon horse, which declined to hurry his eating, but munched carrots slowly, down to a thin, work-worn beast drawing a peddler's wagon, each gave ample evidence of gratitude and appreciation. And it is not generally known that horses have an eloquence all their own. —Transcript

THIS is a unique feature of every Boston Christmas, and has attracted much attention and has been increasingly successful in the three years in which it has occurred. —Globe

MANY a faithful old cart-horse had the "feed" of his life. —American

It is safe to venture that every man, and woman, and child who snatched a few moments out of a busy day, to go down and take a share in seeing that the dumb animals were given added comfort, went home with a bit of extra warmth about the heart.

—Christian Science Monitor

HORSES attending the Christmas tree that was provided for their especial joy at the Angell Memorial Fountain in Post Office Square yesterday afternoon by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals voted the event, with a unanimous chorus of sighs, an entire success. —Post

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

FEBRUARY, 1920

### FOR TERMS see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### WATCH FOR THIS SHOW

THE "Rose Killian Shows," whose proprietor was recently fined \$200 with costs at Charlotte, N. C., for cruelty to animals, is traveling through the country. The mules, horses and ponies of this small circus were in such condition that the Court promptly sustained the charge of the Charlotte Humane Association. We hope all readers of *Our Dumb Animals* will keep their eyes open for this show and see that their local humane society gives it careful inspection.

### STILL AT WORK

TEN years ago automobile men were predicting the disappearance of the horse from our cities. The ten years have passed, and, in spite of the auto-truck, the demand for the horse continues. This is what W. J. Suor, superintendent of Wilson & Company, the Chicago packers, says:—

"It costs Wilson & Co. approximately twice as much per ton to make deliveries in the Chicago territory with trucks as with horse-drawn wagons. I have no axes to grind. I am interested in two things only: keeping down the costs, and securing the utmost efficiency in deliveries. Figures taken from the books of Wilson & Co. show that it cost us in the month of March 25 cents per cwt. to deliver our products by use of two-ton trucks, 13.3 cents per cwt. by use of one-horse wagons, 7.9 cents per cwt. by use of two-horse wagons, and 5.9 cents by use of four-horse wagons."

### HIGH FINANCE AND THE CAT

SIX dollars and a half for a cat's board has stirred the watch-dog of New York's treasury to a something quite like a growl. The Department of Education reported the above expense for the care of its cat. The Mayor, detecting this item, demanded an investigation. This leads the *Christian Science Monitor* to say:

"One follows the Mayor's line of thought; being connected with the Department of Education, this cat should be taking a vacation in summer at its own expense. In an annual city budget of some \$270,000,000, one must look out for waste."

It may be interesting to know that the first suggestion of a Horses' Christmas Tree came to us, not from one who could be called a sentimentalist, but from a Boston banker.

### "A CHRISTMAS CONFERENCE"

THIS story of the Animals' Convention, sent out to many of our friends on Christmas, may be had by anyone at the cost of its publication, ten cents. It has been hoped it might be found useful to many in awakening interest in humane work. Not a few will read it who, perhaps, would leave a leaflet or ordinary pamphlet unopened.

### HOGARTH'S "SOUTHWARK FAIR"

WHILE all our readers who are familiar with Hogarth's works will recall his drawings illustrating the career of the cruel youth who began by torturing animals and ended by committing murder, few, we imagine, have noticed the "trained animal" feature in his "Southwark Fair." His representation of this holiday institution takes us back in English history to about 1773. Examine the picture carefully and on the left, in the foreground, you will find a little dancing dog dressed *en militaire*. How much farther back the trained animal performance runs in history it would be interesting to know. It has been a pitiful story, however, from the first.

While there appears in this scene no exhibition of wild animals, that they were shown at these fairs we learn from an anecdote in the life of the celebrated Dr. Johnson. It seems he once visited the Southwark Fair in company with a friend "to laugh away an hour." While standing near the cage of a Russian bear he attracted considerable attention by reason of the bear's apparent fondness for him. Ill-tempered toward all the rest of the crowd approaching the cage, the bear would welcome a caress from Johnson and show every evidence of attachment for him. From the days, at least, when Rome sent out her expeditions to capture wild animals by the thousands, down to our own uncivilized times, these poor caged creatures have furnished, to a certain order of men and women, what has passed under the name of amusement.

### A RABBIT'S LIVING TOMB

OCTOBER 8, 1857. — Walking through the Lee farm swamp, a dozen or more rods from the river, I found a large box trap closed. I opened it and found in it the remains of a gray rabbit, skin, bones, and mould closely fitting the right-angled corner of one side. It was wholly inoffensive, as so much vegetable mould, and must have been dead some years. None of the furniture of the trap remained, only the box itself; the stick which held the bait, the string, etc., were all gone. The box had the appearance of having been floated off in an upright position by a freshet. It had been a rabbit's living tomb. He had gradually starved to death in it. What a tragedy to have occurred within a box in one of our quiet swamps! The trapper lost his box, the rabbit its life. The box had not been gnawed. After days and nights of moaning and struggle, heard for a few rods through the swamp, increasing weakness and emaciation and delirium, the rabbit breathed its last. They tell you of opening the tomb and finding, by the contortions, that the body was buried alive. This was such a case. Let the trapping boy dream of the dead rabbit in its ark, as it sailed, like a small meeting-house with its rude spire, slowly, with a grand and solemn motion, far amid the alders.

—Thoreau's Journal  
("Autumn," Houghton Mifflin & Co.)

### THE MEXICAN SITUATION

IN reply to a brief article which appeared in the October issue of this magazine, commenting on the excitement caused in this country by the murder of an American in Mexico while scarcely anyone seemed outraged by the lynching of American citizens within our own borders by their fellow citizens, a friend from Mexico writes us as follows:—

"The only reason for intervention is the greed of American capitalists, particularly petroleum magnates, who do not want to pay the just taxes imposed by the Carranza government and who also want to check the tendency toward social welfare legislation in this country. The pro-intervention propaganda is a deliberate, cold-blooded attempt to coin more money out of the blood of thousands of American and Mexican boys. The banditry in Mexico is greatly exaggerated in the American press by lying newspaper men, but most of what actually happens is financed by American financial interests who are willing to help thugs kill, rape and steal in order to provoke intervention."

### THE SEATTLE RODEO

THIS cruel exhibition given recently in Seattle, and referred to in a former issue of this paper, has as an aftermath the arrest of one Charles Davis, the chairman of the committee of the entertainment, on the charge of violating the anti-cruelty laws of the state. This case is being pressed by certain humane people of Washington who refuse to let such shameless disregard of law go unrebuked. It was in this exhibition that a horn was torn from a steer and horses badly lacerated by spurs, according to the *Post-Intelligencer* of December 9.

### LETTER FROM THE "BOSTON HERALD"

IN books, plays, moving picture sub-titles and thousands of other forms of printed matter which mould public opinion, particularly of the young, the custom unfortunately is for one human being to refer to another as a "beast," implying that a beast is the basest thing imaginable.

Such is not the case. A life-long intimacy with the birds of the air and the beasts of the field has made me their devoted friend. The attributes conferred on them by nature are admirable.

The word "beast" should not be used, as it encourages people, particularly the young, to despise and cruelly use animals.

The traditionally correct term for a human being with malevolent or evil characteristics is "fiend." Let this term be used instead of "beast," the use of which is both inaccurate and unjust.

JAMES L. EDWARDS

On witnessing an act of cruelty, take particular notice of the nature of the injuries inflicted; the condition of the animal ill-used; obtain, if possible, the name and address of the owner and driver, or person in charge of the animal, and set down the time and place where the offense was committed. Communicate these facts, giving your own name and address, to headquarters of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, or to any of the Society's authorized agents. The information will be treated as strictly confidential, and you will have done your humane duty intelligently and effectually.

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 12-17, 1920





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

Hon. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor

EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

#### Trustees of Permanent Funds

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HARVEY R. FULLER

DAVID A. BOLTON

THEODORE W. PEARSON

AMBROSE F. NOWLIN

WILLIAM ENOS

#### MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated.....	775
Animals examined.....	4,374
Number of prosecutions.....	25
Number of convictions.....	25
Horses taken from work.....	103
Horses humanely destroyed.....	114
Small animals humanely destroyed.....	286

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined.....	43,973
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed.....	147

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received \$15,000 from "a friend"; \$122 from B. A.; \$100 each from F. H. B., Mrs. J. R. H., Mrs. H. E. M. "in loving memory of L. P.," Mrs. A. C., and C. A. B.; \$75 from E. C. for endowment of free horse stall in memory of "Lady Grey"; \$50 each from M. J., E. S. C., L. M. C., and Mrs. F. L. H., Jr.; \$35 from Mrs. A. G. for dog kennel, "in memory of Jock"; \$25 each from Mrs. C. S. S., H. D. W., Mrs. J. H. J., E. V. W., W. J. McD., Mrs. K. W. S., A. A., Mrs. E. R. T., and G. W. T.; \$20 each from Mrs. L. W., Mrs. J. W., and G. S. C.; \$15 each from E. W., Mrs. K. K. D., W. A. G., F. A. P., Mrs. H. J. E., Mrs. M. S., and Mrs. E. J. B.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Mary A. A. Everett of Boston, Mary Gilbert Knight of Boston, and Lydia E. Sumner of Boston.

The American Humane Education Society acknowledges a bequest of \$1,294.38 from H. W. Carpentier of Galway, N. Y. It has received \$191.67 from a Rhode Island friend; \$100 from L. D. M.; \$51.40 from the Oregon Humane Society; \$25 from H. F. L.; \$19.61 from Tarrant County Humane Society; \$18 from A. M. D.; \$15.08 from M. C. Y.; and \$423.14, interest.

January 13, 1920.

Remember the Be Kind to Animals campaign and endeavor to further it.

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,  
Chief Veterinarian

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. } Resident Assistants

WM. M. EVANS, D.V.S. }

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

#### FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER

Hospital	Cases entered	340	Free Dispensary	Cases	337
Dogs	224		Dogs	224	
Cats	73		Cats	109	
Horses	40		Horses	1	
Birds	2		Birds	2	
Rabbit	1		Duck	1	
Operations	261				

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915, 16,582

Free Dispensary cases . . . . . 19,030

Total . . . . . 35,612

#### ITS VALUE IN THE SCHOOL

A TEACHER in the public schools of Philadelphia, to whom *Our Dumb Animals* is sent by a friend, voluntarily wrote to us as follows:—"I have been allowing the children in my class to read your magazine, *Our Dumb Animals*, when they have finished their class work. They are intensely interested in the stories, etc., and frequently discuss them. I am sure this magazine will teach the children to love and protect animals."

NEARLY all the race horses of England and America in the past 200 years are descended from a stallion imported from Arabia somewhere about the time Ben Franklin was a baby.

Our Philadelphia authority on matters equestrian, Theodore Justice, once told me the original horse was spotted in color.

Africa and not Arabia was his first home. We read in our Bibles down into the days of Joseph before we see the mention of a horse. He was originally tamed by the sons of Ham and swapped to the subjects of the Pharaohs.

GIRARD

I AM proud to belong to the Universal Peace Union and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and to echo every word uttered by Frances Power Cobbe, of England, and George T. Angell of America, those brave defenders of the gentle faith that "Nothing is inexorable but love," and that we are—

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

My shepherd collie, "Prohibition" ("Hibbie," for short, and "Hib," for shorter), is a perpetual gospel to me, as he reaches out his shaggy paw with a wise look in his eyes that seem to say, "Have patience with me, and it shall grow to be a hand."

FRANCES E. WILLARD

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.



#### THE MAYOR'S DOG

HERE is a picture of a dog whose familiar presence in the Massachusetts city of New Bedford will be missed by thousands who honored him and his master. The Hon. Charles S. Ashley is now serving for the twentieth year the city of New Bedford as its Mayor. Mr. Ashley is also President of the Textile Trust Co. Towser, fourteen years old when the end came, had followed his friend and master almost daily from home to office till New Bedford people seeing one knew the other could not be far away. It was a long, intimate attachment and some of us know what the parting meant, and the loneliness which has followed.

#### A TRUE DOG STORY

MONDAY afternoon Dr. Beesley looking out of his residence window saw two dogs running at play in the yard of the Bamford silk mill, says the *Warren (N. J.) Journal*. One of the dogs belonged to Lewis Mackey. The other one he did not know. While the Doctor was observing them, the Mackey youngster ran headlong into the water raceway in front of the mill. The banks of the raceway are almost perpendicular, and Dr. Beesley knowing the dog would be unable to get a foothold in the bank, and would most likely drown, was about to go to its rescue, when he observed the other and older dog showing much excitement and running up and down along the raceway. Finally he saw it creep down the steep bank and grab the neck of the young dog and pull him out of the water.

A true dog story, and an incident that makes one marvel at the intelligence displayed oftentimes by some of our so-called "dumb" animals.

#### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate titles of our two Societies are "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" and "The American Humane Education Society"; and that they have no connection with any other Societies of similar character.

#### FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society) incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of .....dollars (or if other property describe the property).



## American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

### Officers of the American Humane Education Society

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
Hon. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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JOHN R. MACOMBER, *President of Harris, Forbes and Company*

### Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

### Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C.	Chile
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling	England
Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
William B. Allison	Guatemala
Mrs. Lillian Kohler	Jamaica
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé	Japan
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton	Madeira
Mrs. Francisco Patxot	Porto Rico
W. Clint	Quebec
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey
Jerome Perinet, <i>Introduit des Bands of Mercy en Europe</i>	Switzerland

### Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, *Columbia, South Carolina*  
Mrs. Alice L. Park, *Palo Alto, California*  
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, *San Diego, California*  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, *Tacoma, Washington*  
James D. Burton, *Harriman, Tennessee*  
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, *Atlanta, Georgia*  
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, *Fort Worth, Texas*  
Miss Blanche Finley, *Columbia, South Carolina*  
John Burke, *Cincinnati, Ohio*

### BENEDICT XV AND ANIMALS

ALL lovers of animals will rejoice because of the contribution made by Pope Benedict to the Roman S. P. C. A., mentioned on the first page of this issue. In addition to this Cardinal Gasparri was directed to write a letter condemning all wanton destruction of animal life by unscrupulous sportsmen who cause untold suffering to their victims by traps and such like devices. Particularly fond of birds, His Eminence has caused to be issued to all parish priests a circular letter instructing them to dissuade boys from the evil practice of robbing birds' nests, and to preach from the pulpit against all forms of cruelty to animals. Would there were some Protestant ecclesiastic with authority to do likewise!

### HIGH ENDORSEMENT

IN response to a request for his endorsement of humane education sent to Governor Sproul by Mrs. Mary F. Lovell of Jenkintown, Pa., His Excellency wrote as follows:—

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT  
HARRISBURG

November 18, 1919.

My dear Mrs. Lovell:—

Humane education—education in kindness—in so far as it reaches the emotional lives of our young people, will do more than improve the treatment of animals. Its unconscious influence upon the lives of those who learn its lessons will bring happiness to them and to all with whom they associate.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) WM. C. SPROUL

The following has also been received from Dr. Thomas E. Finegan, State Superintendent of Public Instruction:—

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION  
HARRISBURG

September 3, 1919.

My dear Mrs. Lovell:—

As you know, I am in sympathy with the movement to give adequate instruction in humane education, and in the revision of our syllabus of instruction in the schools I shall see that adequate consideration is given this subject.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) THOS. E. FINEGAN

### A TRAGEDY OF THE ZOO

THE shaggy old Tibetan yak at the "ZOO" died some while ago and a new yak occupied his shed and enclosure.

Yesterday a visitor stood watching the yak munching at a truss of hay in his manger. He called the yak and it took no notice. Then, having read Hooker's "Himalayan Journals," he remembered the calls of the Tibetan maidens when they bring the yaks home at sunset.

The visitor uttered the call. The yak dropped a mouthful of hay, gave a deep grunt, and came shambling to the bars of its stable. The visitor patted and fondled it and grunted yak language and it licked his hand, and when he left the yak house it ran out of its shed and followed him round its large barred enclosure.

He returned later and found the yak still restless. It had deserted its meal; it paced the enclosure and made plaintive noises. The visitor gave the Tibetan girl's call again, and again the yak ran to him. "Good heavens!" cried a stranger, "how do you tame 'Zoo' animals like that?" He was told the secret.

"Poor old yak, poor old fellow," said the stranger. "How can we guess what chords you have touched—what memories of snow and ice, and praying wheels and idola, of Tibetan girls with turquoise ornaments in their braided hair? Look how troubled the old yak is—it isn't fair to give home-sickness to prisoners at the Zoo!"

—The Daily Mail

THROUGH the recommendation of Mr. J. A. Forbes of Gore, New Zealand, the Otago S. P. C. A. of Dunedin, N. Z., has ordered 3,000 leaflets of the American Humane Education Society.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when making your will.

### THE WARLIKE CHRISTMAS TOYS

(From our Society's Western Press Bureau)

MANY otherwise thoughtful fathers and mothers, themselves hating war, give toy guns and cannon, swords, and soldiers at Christmas time to their children!

The kindergartners and Montessori teachers have scores of toys and games, but not miniature guns.

Children in all countries have played more war games since the war began in Europe. They have marched along the streets carrying sticks as if they were guns. They have dug trenches and played battles. Very young children have tried to walk with long steps as they have seen soldiers march. The newspapers, magazines, store windows and moving pictures have been full of war, and children have played war. Every game which they invent to make war seem a game and a picnic, deceives them as to the real nature of war.

There are dolls and manikins representing people of all countries, with their gay costumes. Instead of buying toy soldiers in bright uniforms mothers can buy toys that teach some knowledge of other races, and lessons to break down race prejudice. After years of war on a huge scale, parents may well think more clearly about education, including the education of play, and may well choose toys with more care.

### ATLANTA WORK-HORSE PARADE

UNDER the auspices of the reorganized Atlanta Humane Society, a very successful Work-Horse Parade was held in that city, December 1. There were 150 horses entered, and over \$100 in prizes distributed. The first blue ribbon for the best exhibit went to the remount station horses from Camp Gordon—six blaze-face bays. Boy Scouts participated, bearing banners with such mottoes as "Be Kind to Animals." Twenty young women store clerks marched carrying flags.

It is planned to make the Work-Horse Parade an annual event in Atlanta hereafter. Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, secretary of the Humane Society, was very active in promoting this new venture.

### BIG HUMANE ESSAY CONTEST

FOR the twenty-sixth consecutive year, the Erie County S. P. C. A. of Buffalo, New York, has announced its annual humane essay competition. Three prizes are offered in each of the four upper grades of the grammar schools. There are about 35,000 pupils reached in this way, as nearly every school participates in the contest. Among the subjects for the first year class is, "Training Animals for Exhibition." The arrangements are in charge of Miss Margaret F. Rochester, chairman of the humane education committee, who has had wide experience conducting such contests. The teachers of the several classes are requested to send the best composition from each of the grades to the committee by March 1. Societies interested in such contests should communicate with Miss Rochester, who is the secretary of the Erie County Society.

THE secretary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. gave an illustrated talk on "Birds and Animals in Peace and War" before 500 pupils of the first year class of the Boston High School of Commerce, in December.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

## The Value of Sheep to the Human Race

S. G. GOODRICH, in "The Animal Kingdom"

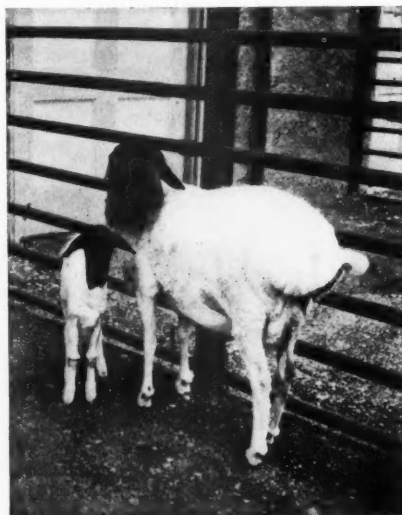
WITH the exception of the dog there is no one of the brute creation which exhibits the diversity of size, color, form, covering and general appearance which characterizes the sheep; and none which occupies a wider range of climate or subsists on a greater variety of food.

In every latitude between the equator and the Arctic, he ranges over the sterile mountains and through the fertile valleys. He feeds on almost every species of edible forage, the cultivated grasses, clovers, cereals and roots; he browses on aromatic and bitter herbs; he crops the leaves and barks from the stunted forest shrubs and the pungent resinous evergreens. In some parts of Norway and Sweden, when other resources fail, he subsists on fish or flesh during the long and vigorous winters and, if reduced to necessity, he eats his own wool.

He is diminutive like the Orkney, or massive like the Teeswater. He is many-horned; he has two large, or small, spiral horns, like the Merino; he is polled, or hornless, like the mutton-sheep. He has a long tail, like our own breeds; a broad tail, like many of the eastern; or a mere button of a tail, like the fat-rumps, this discernible only by the touch.

His coat is sometimes long and coarse, like the Lincolnshire; short and hairy, like those of Madagascar; soft and furry, like the Angola; or fine and spiral, like the silken Saxon. His color, either pure or fancifully mixed, varies from the white or black of our own country to every shade of brown, dun, buff, blue and gray; like the spotted flocks of the Cape of Good Hope and other parts of Africa. Several of the breeds of sheep are marked with such peculiarities as to be regarded by some eminent naturalists as forming so many distinct species.

The general opinion, however, is that they all belong to one species and that the diversities of form, color and size which we find among them are the result of breeding, climate and other circumstances. As to the original stock of the sheep, some have supposed it to have been the mouflon of Europe; others the argali; and



FAT-RUMPED SHEEP

others still, with much plausibility, maintain that the sheep is the result of a mixture of several allied species; not, however, including any of the wild races now known.

But, be this as it may, it is certain that the sheep was one of the earliest animals subjected to the sway of man; it is the very first of which we have any historical notice.

Abel was a keeper of sheep. Abraham and his descendants, as well as most of the ancient patriarchs, were shepherds. Job had fourteen thousand sheep. It is said of Rachel, the favored mother of the Jewish race: "She came with her father's sheep, for she kept them." The seven daughters of the priest of Midian came and drew water for their father's flocks. Moses, the statesman and lawgiver, who was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, kept the flocks of Jethro, his father-in-law.

It was to the shepherds, while "abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night," that the birth of the Savior was announced. The root of the Hebrew name for sheep signified fruitfulness, abundance, plenty; as indicating the blessings they were destined to confer on the human race. With the sacred writers, they were the chosen symbols of purity and the gentler virtues; they were the victims of propitiatory sacrifices; and, finally, they became the type of redemption to fallen Man. These may not be considered accidental allusions in a book whose every type is full of design.

Nor has the sheep been less the subject and attention with other writers. Among these Homer and Hesiod, Virgil and Theocritus, introduced them with evident delight in their pastoral themes; while their heroes and demigods, Hercules and Ulysses, Aeneas and Numa carefully perpetuated them throughout their domains!

The sheep is, indeed, absolutely without resource and without defense. The ram has but feeble arms; his courage is nothing but a petulance; useless to himself, inconvenient to others. The wether-sheep are still more timorous than ewes; it is through fear that they gather so often in troops; the smallest noise to which they are unaccustomed is sufficient to make them fly and get close together. This fear is attended with the greatest stupidity; for they know not how to fly danger; nor do they even seem to feel the inconvenience of their situation; they must have a chief who is instructed to walk first, and whom they will follow, step by step. This chief will remain by the rest of the flock, without motion, in the same place, if he be not driven from it by the shepherd, or the dog which guards them, who, in fact, watches for their safety, defends, directs and separates them, assembles them together, and communicates to them motives not their own.

But this animal, so timorous in itself, so wanting in sentiment and inferior qualities, is to man the most valuable of all animals and the most useful for both his present and future support. Of itself, it supplies our greatest necessities; it furnishes us with both food and clothing.

### HOPE FOR THE HORSE

A REPRESENTATIVE of the *Christian Science Monitor*, writing of the New York Horse Show, makes these pertinent observations:

The man from the street feels warmer about the heart as he thinks that perhaps, after all, the folks who talk about no more wagons being made, and the great need for reviving interest in the horse to save him from extinction by gasoline, may be wrong. It may be, he hopes, that the horse will not stay down, and that there are horsemen and horsewomen who care as much about preserving him as there are automobilists who don't care, or as the man who loves him, and can't have one of him, does.

Having decided this point, the casual visitor concedes that it is eminently fitting for a Prince to visit the horse show. It is right for the Prince to come to the horse. It is royalty paying tribute to royalty. The Prince may center attention for the brief hour he is there, but the horse remains king.



COMING TO THE FOLD



## THE MENAGERIE LION

**HIS** race for countless generations roamed  
In savage freedom through the wilderness.  
He was caught young and put into a cage,  
And carried with a circus throughout the land.  
He grew to his full stature in this cage  
Without once putting foot upon the ground;  
Kept in a tent where other caged beasts  
With suffocating stenches filled the air;  
In winter oft tormented with the cold,  
Always half starved with poor and scanty food.

Often he lay upon his cage's floor  
In apathetic state. Often he paced  
With wearisome monotony to and fro  
Behind his bars, his stunted spirit intent  
Only upon the coming of the keeper  
Who brought his scanty meal of tainted meat.

But sometimes he would be roused from his apathy  
By a deep, fierce, irresistible craving;  
A craving for the woods and fields and freedom,  
For space to roam in, for the tropic sun,  
For the dense jungle where to lurk and crawl,  
Whence to leap out upon some passing prey. —  
Oh! but for space to make one long, wild leap!  
Oh! but to feel the sun upon his back,  
And the warm sand beneath his wandering feet!  
Oh! but to feel the sultry tropic shade  
In the thick, silent forest, and to crush  
The rank undergrowth with his powerful feet,  
And feel that he was free, the King of Beasts! —  
Sometimes, when journeying in his cage, he caught  
A fleeting glimpse of tree or field or stream;  
Then the fierce craving drove him mad, and he  
In wildest frenzy raged 'round his narrow cage.

This miserable, imprisoned, sickened beast  
Endured ten years of torture ere he died.

E. E. CORNWALL, M.D.

## BUFFALO IN THE UNITED STATES

C. M. SARCHET

**T**HE state of Oklahoma is the home of three of the nation's greatest buffalo herds, including one government herd in the Wichita National Park in the southwestern part of the state. The other two are privately owned — one on the ranch of Col. Gordon Lillie (Pawnee Bill), near Pawnee, Okla., and the other on the 101 Ranch, near Ponca City. In all three herds great success has been made in buffalo raising and increasing the herds.

Out of approximately 7,000 buffalo in North America, 3,000 are in the United States and 2,000 of these are privately owned, while there are over 3,500 in Canada. There are eight government herds in the United States, the largest of which is that of 450 head in Yellowstone Park. The first herd established under government direction was that in the Wichita National Park, Oklahoma. Pawnee Bill has been successful also in crossing the buffalo with the common cow, resulting in a hybrid that does not breed. This crossing of the two has been followed also on other ranches throughout the West.



BUFFALO [ON 101 RANCH



TEXAS CATTLE SEEKING RELIEF FROM THE HEEL-FLY

## WHERE OUR WILD ANIMALS GO

**T**HE Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture reports that raw fur buyers, representing all parts of the country, figure the decrease in fur-bearing animals at from 25 to 50 per cent during the last ten years, according to the *New York Sun*.

There is no longer virgin trapping ground. Even in Alaska two important fur-bearing animals, the beaver and the marten, have been so nearly exterminated that they are now being protected by a close period.

Last year twenty-nine of the forty-four states which held legislative sessions enacted laws relative to fur-bearing animals, the general purpose of which was to increase restrictions and afford greater protection to the animals. Laws fixing state seasons on fur-bearing animals were enacted in Alabama, Idaho and South Carolina, and trapping licenses were prescribed in Alabama, Arizona, Idaho, Illinois, Minnesota (for residents), Nebraska, Ohio and South Carolina.

The Empire State enacted new legislation on the raccoon and skunk. New Jersey made it unlawful to take skunk, mink or otter in any manner except by trap, and opened the months of April and May to fox hunters under permit from the Game Commissioners. New Hampshire fixed a special season for muskrats on the Connecticut River. Pennsylvania increased the bounty on wild cats from \$6 to \$8 and on weasels from \$1 to \$2. Rhode Island and Connecticut fixed an open season and Massachusetts a close time on the raccoon. Vermont prescribed a \$10 bounty for black bears taken between May 1 and Nov. 1. Maine enacted beaver legislation and increased the bounty on the bobcat and Canada lynx from \$4 to \$10.

American trappers receive yearly in the aggregate many millions of dollars for their fur harvest, which, the Biological Survey points out, up to the moment the trapper starts out to gather does not cost him a single effort.

## A SAFE RETREAT

KATE RANDLE MENEFEE

**T**EXAS cattle have a most annoying enemy — the heel-fly (*Hypoderma lineata*). This insect pest attacks the heels of cattle and deposits her eggs just at the back edge of the hoof. Later on the eggs emerge as grubs out through the cow's back. The grub leaves a hole in the hide where it works out, which remains there always.

There is a safe retreat from this persistent stinging fly, and well the cattle know that if they step down into the waters of some brook or pond that the heel-fly will be forced to buzz to other quarters in search of her curious incubator. Is it any wonder that they look pleased when they stand thus with their feet safely buried in a dreamy meadow brook?

## OUR FRIEND, THE SNAKE

**T**HERE seems to be born into the average human being an aversion for the snake. Despite this fact there is a movement on foot, almost world-wide in its scope, to stop the destruction of harmless snakes, because they feed on insects and their larvae, moles, house and field mice, and other plant and vegetable enemies.

In this country, California was the first to start in the movement. On the Pacific Coast the most destructive agent of the crops is the gopher, or ground squirrel. As soon as it was learned that the gopher snake lived solely on the gopher, a state-wide campaign was started to protect the snake. Then two or three of the eastern states were aroused to the fact that their agricultural interests were aided through the protection of native snakes.

The mole, which is such a menace to the lawn, garden and crops, can only be annihilated by the snake.

The rats, carriers of contagious diseases, terror of the poultry raiser and wholesale destroyer of all sorts of grain, are a delicacy to the snake.

The poisonous varieties of snakes can be detected often before being seen, by the peculiar, nauseating, cucumber-like odor. As a rule no snake will bite a human being unless first attacked. Comparatively few varieties of northern snakes are poisonous.

— *The Thrift Magazine*

**T**HE discovery that the ox could be yoked and the horse harnessed must have been quite as momentous in that far-off day as the invention of the steam-engine and the electric motor in modern times.

## THE WOOD THRUSH

ELIZABETH BURNHAM

SING, heavenly chorister, in thy temple green.  
The Love Star hangs, an airy jewel, in the skies,  
And myriad fire-flies trim their tiny lamps  
Ere the warm daylight dies.

Celestial songster, in thy cathedral aisles  
Softly, like wafted incense, the gray shadows  
rise,  
And cool and flower sweet, the evening's scented  
breath  
Through all the woodland sighs.

Slayed is the shimmering birches' sprightly dance.  
The spruces, heavenward, lift their verdant  
spires.

Look! 'neath yonder mountain peak, the Moon  
Renews her quenchless fires.

Pure, passionless, clear, thy song — so shall I  
thrill  
At the Death Angel's calm compelling note;  
Or is it deathless Lone of which you sing,  
Thou Minstrel of the Golden Throat?

Or do wee birdlings, in a downy nest  
Cradled in living green in swaying tree-top  
high,  
Back from their dreams, in drowsy wonder, come  
At thy matchless lullaby?

Sing! sweet embodied Spirit of the twilight hour;  
Climb, with swift winged step, thy tower's leafy  
slair.

"Allah is great," a tiny muezzin thou,  
Calling the world to prayer.

## THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE

THE juniors of the Tenth Street school, Atlanta, Georgia, had a Christmas tree for the birds, set up in the hall of the school. They brought suet, bits of bread, bird seed, etc., from home and tied them on the branches. Then they attached slips of paper with the names of local birds. The tree was later nailed to the building and left during the Christmas season.



BLACK PHOEBE

## Berried Bushes and Bird Friends

WILLIAM M. MORRILL

WE have come to an era of bird-life conservation. Economic, humane and sentimental interests, united in common cause, have won in the long contest in which bird-life was at stake. It is lamentably true that we have lost forever some dozens of species and that the fate of twice as many more is hanging in the balance, but the tide of destruction has been stemmed, the hand of the despoiler stayed; henceforth safety supplants slaughter, preservation takes the place of persecution.

The decrease of our native birds has entailed such enormous losses that figures representing the amount in dollars now impress us only vaguely. We know our taxes have mounted steadily with the years. We are told that the people of the United States sustain a loss of a billion dollars a year through the ravages to fruit and grain and vegetable by multiple forms of insect life, but what connection with these sinister facts is the abundance or the dearth of birds? "If all the birds were destroyed, man could not live upon the earth and the birds are decreasing," has been a truism oft repeated and as a warning as often unheeded. With feeble and futile resistance, we have combated the hordes of insect invaders which have assailed our orchards, groves, forests, parks and gardens, and exacted a heavy toll therefrom, leaving a greatly diminished and inferior product for our own use, enjoyment and consumption. Trees, shrubs, vines and plants have been the prey of myriads of moths and caterpillars, leaf-eating and wood-boring worms and beetles, whose fecundity and destructiveness no human power is able to control.

Have we learned a great lesson from experience and at stupendous cost? Have we discovered the effect of upsetting the balance of nature? Have we set the true value on the lives and services of the birds to us? Shall we protect and insure those useful lives and retrieve our losses by increasing and encouraging our bird friends? These are questions that arise, but the answer cannot be final at this time. We have undoubtedly placed a higher estimate on American bird-life and have committed ourselves to a policy of bird conservation.

The disappearance and scarcity of birds that formerly abounded in the New England States and Southeastern Canada are largely attributable to the obliteration of their food supply. Other causes, it is true, contributed to the unfortunate occurrence, such as the inadequacy of protective laws, the introduction and rapid increase of alien bird enemies, as well as the persistent and promiscuous destruction of birds by illiterate immigrants. More stringent laws have been enacted. The "Migratory Bird Treaty Act," jointly approved and adopted by the United States and the Dominion of Canada, guarantees lasting protection to many of our most valuable birds.

In the coming campaign for the restoration of bird life, a fitting slogan would be, "Food will win back the birds." It is very important, however, that we keep in mind the fact that no substitute we can offer will be as acceptable to the birds as the food which nature provides for them. Artificial feeding is practical only in times of emergency or when their normal supply is unobtainable. Hence it is desirable that all wild fruit-bearing trees and berry-bearing shrubs be preserved and their growth

fostered, that the birds may have an unfailing and plentiful supply.

Here again we run into unfavorable conditions. The steady encroachments of civilization upon the soil, "back to the land" movements, intensive farming, the construction of modern highways, all tend to the restriction of areas conducive to wild bird life.

Not long ago it was suggested that with excellent propriety we could make of every cemetery a bird sanctuary or refuge. The proposition appears to have found wide favor through numerous articles in the press, and a few instances are known where the idea has been made a reality. What could be more fitting than to make of these silent and sacred resting-places of our dead, the abodes of creatures that bless and beautify the world of the living? What could be simpler than to plant and nurture such shrubs and trees as by the berries and fruits they bear, would attract to them these untiring servants of man? The decorative value of such planting would obviously be considerable. The songs of birds, the sweetest of Nature's music, will take away from these silent cities something of the sadness and gloom that inevitably enshrouds them.

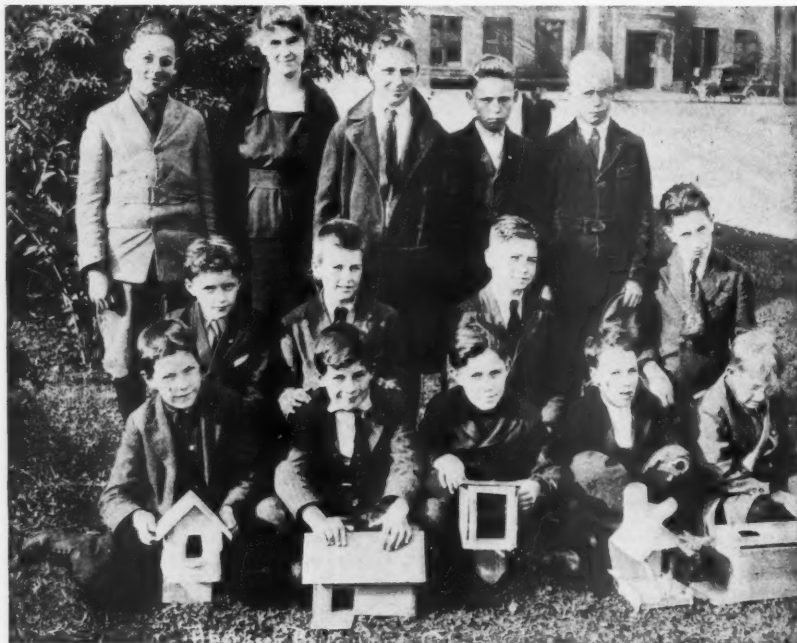
Let us make our communities safer for the birds by offering them all the inducements possible. Let us spare the shrubbery and trees along our roadsides and fences for the birds' sake. The planting of trees and shrubs on the farm or around the country or suburban residence will serve the purpose of ornamentation, protect the cultivated crops, and attract and insure greater returns in bird life. We are in dire need of ten times the number that we have. We can win them back, if we will.

"Our wild life of the present day," says Bradford A. Scudder, "is in numbers but a fragment of what our country contained a quarter-century ago. That vandal, commercialism, the destroyer of our natural resources, played havoc, not only with our game birds and quadrupeds, but also with our birds that contribute so largely to the welfare of the country in an economic way. Now that the market-hunter and the purveyor of plumages of wild birds are no longer allowed to ply their nefarious trade, our wild life may hope to establish itself in its former abundance, but we must all 'put our shoulders to the wheel,' and help repair 'the years that the locusts have eaten.'"

The following list of berried shrubs has been compiled from investigations made by the United States Bureau of Biological Survey. Though far from complete, it includes the principal varieties indigenous to Eastern North America:—

Berry Bearing Shrubs	Fruiting Season	Number of Birds Eating
Elder,	July 15 to Oct. 15,	67
Shadbush,	June 15 to Oct. 15,	20
Juniper,	Entire year,	25
Sumac,	Entire year,	44
Chokeberry,	Oct. to March,	12
Barberry,	July to June,	9
Pokeweed,	Aug. to April,	26
Bayberry,	July to June,	25
Snowberry,	Entire year,	10
Blackberries,	July	60
Thimbleberries,	to	
Raspberries,	Sept.,	
Hackberries,	Entire year,	15

Humane Sunday, April 18, 1920



BOYS' BIRD CLUB, ABERDEEN, WASHINGTON

## WHAT A BOYS' BIRD CLUB CAN DO

CAROLYN W. MCKINLAY

UNDER the inspiration of Miss Hazel Ber-  
vin, assistant librarian of the public  
library in Aberdeen, Washington, a strong boys'  
bird club was organized last April, for the pur-  
pose of studying the birds of that region and  
helping in their protection.

The boys call the club the "B. B. Club," the  
initials of a secret name. They also have a  
secret pass sign, and have as their symbol a  
bird with a human face. They meet at the  
library twice a month, every other meeting hav-  
ing a program, the others being for business.

A sample program of their study meeting is  
the one which consisted of papers on the topic,  
"The Three Great Problems of Bird Life, —  
first, Food; second, Safety; third, Reproduc-  
tion." Interesting papers on the three sub-  
heads were given by three members of the club.

The club owns many fine pictures in color of  
the birds of western Washington, which are  
pinned on the walls of the library for study.

Among the club members is a boy older than  
the others, who has been studying birds for  
some time, and who will take the boys on "hikes"  
to study bird life in the open, when the weather  
is favorable. Only those willing to study are  
allowed in the club, "slackers" and idlers soon  
being dropped.

The boys have been building attractive bird-  
houses, which they will have ready to put out  
in the spring, and which they hope will induce  
the birds to come in greater numbers. They  
also do all they can to protect the birds, and  
to induce others to do the same.

DON'T kill the birds, the happy birds,  
That bless the fields and grove;  
So innocent to look upon,  
They claim our warmest love.  
The happy birds, the tuneful birds,  
How pleasant 'tis to see!  
No spot can be a cheerless place,  
Where'er their presence be.

COLESWORTHY

## THE JAPANESE WAY

PERHAPS the Japanese are no more cruel  
in kind than are the Christian peoples.  
At all events, from a recent educational report,  
it is learned that children are taught not to  
expect mercy in the hereafter if they torture  
dumb animals. Thus the little fellows are  
taught that if they kill a cat, the animal will  
revenge itself for seven generations. If a boy  
kills a frog and watches the twitchings of its  
death struggles, the boy's hand will tremble  
when he tries to write. These precepts are  
inculcated not by the rod which is left to spoil  
in Japan, but by moral suasion.

## The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

## PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to  
protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to  
every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty mem-  
bers and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name  
and post-office address of the president who has been duly  
elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems,  
addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

Send for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

## NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and seventy-two new Bands of  
Mercy were reported in December. Of these  
197 were in schools of Ohio; 147 in schools of  
Massachusetts; 115 in schools of Connecticut;  
86 in schools of Rhode Island; 51 in schools of  
Pennsylvania; 38 in schools of North Carolina;  
20 in schools of South Carolina; 13 in schools  
of Texas; two in Washington; and one each in  
New Jersey, Virginia, and Wisconsin.

Total Number Bands of Mercy, 123,502

## W. U. MESSENGER SAVES DOG

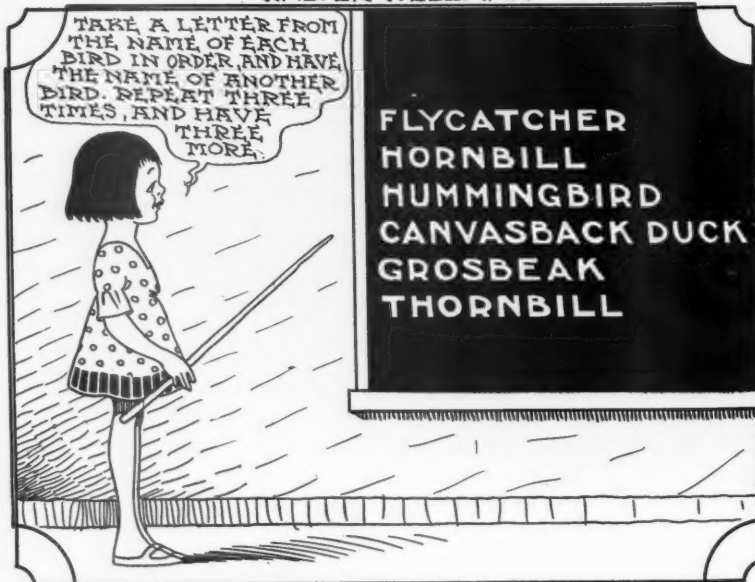
A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Western  
Union messenger boy, Johnny Popp,  
passing along the street in Trenton, N. J., before  
7 o'clock on the morning of December 17, saw  
an Airedale trying in vain to reach the shore  
from the thin, slippery ice of Sanhican creek.  
Johnny rushed into the water, broke through  
the ice till he reached the dog, and returned  
to the Western Union office with the animal  
safely tucked under his coat, his clothes being  
frozen stiff and his limbs rigid from cold.

## ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLE

1. Ace — ape. 2. Pole — mole. 3. Pump —  
puma. 4. Hoe — hog. 5. Log — dog or hog.
6. Corn — coon. 7. Beam — bear. 8. Can — cat.

## HIDDEN BIRDS

WALTER WELLMAN





# CHILDREN'S PAGE



GYPSY

N. J. SNELL

OF just what breed she was, I do not know, although I think her mother was an Indian pony, but of this I am not sure. She was given to the children when quite young, and was then about the size of a Newfoundland dog. In color she was iron gray, with the most beautiful and intelligent brown eyes that I ever saw in a horse.

Of course the children made a great pet of her, as did also their father and mother and even the hired man. She learned to come at a whistle, and would follow one all over the place, like a dog. Gypsy especially loved to go into the house, which privilege, owing to her small size, she was sometimes allowed.

One day the family drove to a neighboring town, leaving Gypsy in the fenced-in door-yard. When they returned, late in the afternoon, the pony was nowhere to be seen. The gate was fastened securely and there was no means of her getting away unless — horrible thought! — some one had taken her! Frightened at the very idea, the children hurried into the house, and there, stretched comfortably upon the sitting-room rug was Gypsy! She had opened the kitchen door, which had been closed but evidently not latched, with her mischievous little nose, and walking in, had made herself at home, and had taken a nap upon the soft carpet.

## A CAT AND DOG LIFE

THESE words are often used when someone wishes to describe to you the way people do not get on nicely together, says a writer in *The Little Animals' Friend*, London. It is not quite a just comparison, as, though certain dogs and cats are foes to each other, often this is because their masters have taught them to be. We have many true accounts on record (and more still unwritten) of their friendship and courtesy to each other.

Here is one, for instance, which Miss Edith Carrington tells of her own household inmates:

"No animals can live more comfortably together than domestic cats and dogs when brought up under the same roof

and encouraged to dwell in unity. For months a dog and cat of mine fed out of the same dish, until one day when I put a large bowl of skim milk on the kitchen floor for both. It happened that the dog, a collie, was very thirsty, and the bottom of the basin narrow, so that their noses jostled each other soon when the milk was nearly all gone. The dog gave a very gentle growl as if to say, 'Don't push so, Pussy! This last drop belongs to me.' Anxious to nip in the bud any feeling of hostility between the pair, I rebuked the dog, but very gently, for her unkind words to puss.

"The dog lifted her head from the bowl, gave me a meaning look, left the last dregs of the milk to the cat, and from that moment would never share a meal with her. She would always stand by and wait patiently till puss had done."

## WHEN THE SNOW FLIES

MARY R. MERRIMAN

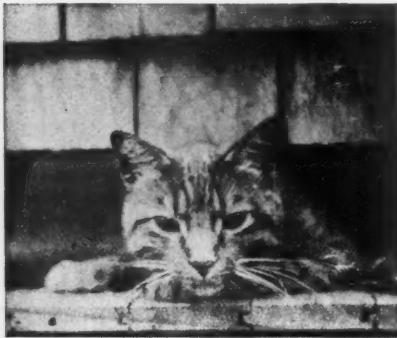
LAST summer, where I played around,  
Acorns lay scattered on the ground.  
I put them in a hollow tree,  
To save them for the squirrels' lea.

For when the winds of winter blow,  
And all is covered up with snow,  
How can the little squirrels play  
If they go hungry all the day?

Today I saw the snow-flakes fly,  
They came down whirling from the sky;  
And squirrels in the hollow tree  
Were cracking acorns merrily.



A NEWSPAPER CAT



### PEP'S CHUM

A true story

LOUELLA C. POOLE

O SUCH a playful puss is Pep!  
He really seems bewitched, all say  
Who watch the gambols of the sprite  
That never seems to tire of play,  
And frolics madly morn till night.

"Pep's found a chum!" one day exclaimed  
His mistress, watching from the door;  
"Such capers down there 'neath that tree  
The two have cut, this week or more —  
It looks like some stray kit to me.

"Well, well, we'll see!" And out she went.  
A swish! a flurry! With a bound  
Upsprang high on the garden wall,  
From 'mongst the rustling leaves around,  
Pep's chum — a squirrel gray and small!

But how amazed were all to see  
The squirrel follow Pep about,  
And daily grow more friendly till —  
For none had heart to bar him out —  
He made the house his domicile.

O little puss so full of "pep,"  
O woodland elf with plummy tail,  
When "natural foes" such friends can be,  
We grieve to think mankind should fail  
To live in peace and amity!

### THE CATS OF WARSAW

R. G. B.

WARSAW is practically bereft of cats. Although these fireside Tabbies were probably as dear to the hearts of the Poles as the dogs which had to be sacrificed in France were to the French, the poor felines had no such glorious tribute paid them as had the canines.

When food became so scarce in occupied France, and a heavy tax was levied on dogs by their country about the beloved pets, reverently wrote on them "For France," and with a tearful prayer that the dogs might be carried to the canine haven of rest, dropped them with almost religious ceremony into the swift river. But the cats in Warsaw disappeared stealthily, silently — and simultaneously there appeared in the Warsaw market a rabbit of peculiar delicacy, yet who can deny that their "Pro Patria" was the essence of patriotism?

Notwithstanding the fact that those cats which escaped the market were supposed to be done away with, on account of the shortage of food, a few precious pets were smuggled into dark corners, and held through every emergency. This probably would never have been known if it had not been for an S.O.S. from the Red Cross workers calling for a cat!

The Red Cross warehouse at Stawki, just outside of Warsaw, which was stacked with thousands of dollars' worth of food, clothing, and medical supplies for relief of the poor of the city, suddenly became overrun with rats. They damaged the goods to such an extent as to prove a serious menace. Traps and poisons were employed to halt the invasion but without effect, and then a search for a cat was made.

It seemed truly as if every cat in Warsaw had been destroyed, but finally an appeal was made to the Polish workmen about the warehouse with good result. The army of Tommies and Tabbies which were brought forward grudgingly cuddled in the arms of mistress and master was almost as large as the rodent army of invasion. At another time, the owners would not have dared to acknowledge the possession, but they were willing to run any risk to show their appreciation of the American Red Cross.

It was necessary for much tact to be used in the selection of a single Tabby to be elected as the sole member of the warehouse clean-up committee. There is no explanation for the sudden invasion of rats, but with a strain of humor still strong through every hardship, the Poles declared that the rodents are timber wolves which, driven by hunger from the wilds, have shrunk to the size of rats.

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The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

### OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

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